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ARIADNE FORSAKEN.

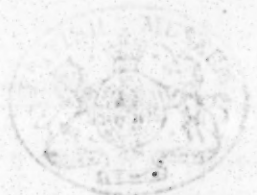
A

P O E M.

[Price 1s. 6d.]

ARIADNE FORSAKEN.

P. O. B.



[Price 1s. 6d.]

* Catallus (C. V.) L. M. p. 100. Deleat & H. M. L.

ARIADNE FORSAKEN.

A

P O E M.

Gnosſia, Theſeæ quondam perſuria linguæ

Fleviſti ignoto, ſola relicta, mari.

Sic cecinit pro te, doctus, Minoi, Catullus,

Ingrati referens impia facta viri. TIBUL.



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MDCCLXXII.

ARIADNE FORSAKEN.

P O E M.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following poem, which is taken from CATULLUS, is presented to the public, rather with a view to make the admirable original better known, than from any pretensions of it's own.

Though the Story of ARIADNE has been alluded to, both by ancient and modern writers, oftner, perhaps, than any other of antiquity, it is somewhat singular that the Sixty-second Poem of CATULLUS, in which it is so
+ a beautifully

beautifully related, should not have been more celebrated than it has been. And it is still more extraordinary, that it should never have been mentioned (as far as I can find) by any of the Commentators of Virgil, as the Prototype of the fourth Eneid; which, on comparing the two poems, it will, it is presumed, evidently appear to have been. If the coincidence between them were only that of sentiment, it might easily be accounted for from similarity of situations; but there is, besides, so marked a correspondence in the Expressions, that one cannot help suspecting that the impression, which the exclamation of ARIADNE had made on the mind of Virgil, was still warm when he composed the latter part of his fourth Eneid. This comparison does, however, by no means warrant us to accuse him of plagiarism. Having, perhaps, frequently read CATULLUS, and having occasion to describe the same distress which the poet of Verona had described so well before, he might imperceptibly catch some part of his language.

Thus

A D V E R T I S E M E N T. iii

Thus we find in the *ENRID*;

———*Magnoque irarum fluctuat æstu*———

Per connubia nostra; per inceptos hymenæos———

Nec tibi diva parens, &c.

So in *CATULLUS*;

———*Et magnis curarum fluctuat undis.*———

Sed connubia læta, sed optatos hymenæos.———

Quænam te genuit sola sub rupe læna? &c. &c.

With respect to the versification of this little piece, if the language be that of nature, simple and unaffected, it is all that was intended. If the reader should look here for “iron fleet,” or “arrowy shower,” he will look in vain. The author is not ambitious of the curious metaphor, the far-fetched superfluous epithet, or the jingle of alliteration-----those meretricious ornaments, which were introduced into our verse about twenty years ago by certain Ode-writers, who, it is probable, would have banished all true poetry from among us, if
the

iv A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

the admirable Author of the Traveller and Deserted Village had not stood forth, and, by diverting the public taste from the unnatural course it had taken, brought it back once more to simplicity and nature.



ARIADNE

ARIADNE FORSAKEN.

ALONE, deserted, on the wave-worn sands,
All woe begone, lo! ARIADNE stands;
In wild amaze, as newly roused from sleep,
Her full eye stretched upon the raging deep;
Confused, distracted, motionless, forlorn:
While perjured THESEUS, on the billows borne,
Behind him leaves the solitary shores,
And the fond maid, who, all too late! deplores
That weakness, which admitted to her breast
The rude despoiler of her fame and rest.

B

Him

2 A R I A D N E F O R S A K E N.

Him from the beach she views with streaming eyes,
That speak more strongly than her plaintive cries;
With vain delusion her fond heart deceives,⁴
Nor yet the fullness of her woe believes.
Mean while far off the winds her lover bear,
Whose faithless vows were made of empty air.
The distant half-diminished vessel's stern
With aching sight scarce able to discern,
As maniacs wild, as lifeless statues pale,
Frantick she curses the perfidious gale.
No longer by the filken net confined,
Her hair was all dishevelled by the wind;
Her heaving breast nor veil nor girdle bound,
Which idly floated on the watery ground:
Nor veil, nor girdle, now employ her care,
Nor net that late confined her auburn hair;
Far other thoughts possess her throbbing breast,
And other cares deprive her soul of rest;
Thee only, THESEUS, still she seems to see,
And her whole heart is all wrapt up in thee.

Oh!

Oh! ill-starred maid, once free from every pain,
Who felt no sorrow, and who knew no stain,
'Till Love, with cares full-fraught, tormenting power!
Disturbed thy peace, in that unhappy hour
When THESEUS, wafted from the Athenian Port,
Arrived a victim at the Cretan Court.

The Cretan King erewhile with Athens fought,
And vengeance for his murdered offspring sought;
At length, by famine prest, his foes agreed
To obey the rigorous law which he decreed;
A band of youths and maidens to convey
To the fell Minotaur an annual prey.
The hard injunction was obeyed too well,
The chosen youths and virgins yearly fell;
'Till THESEUS with a patriot zeal possest,
To give a desolated people rest,
Of life profuse, resolved to shed his blood,
And bravely perish for his country's good.
Thus greatly daring, his paternal feat
He left, and quickly reached the shores of Crete.

4 A R I A D N E F O R S A K E N.

The Cretan Court a matchless maid did own,
 The world unknowing, to the world unknown;
 Who by a mother's tender care secured,
 Had lived in holy privacy immured:
 Around whose chaste and sweetly-scented bed
 The purple Loves such balmy fragrance shed,
 As the gay blossoms of the vernal field
 Or Cytherea's freshest myrtles yield.
 No sooner had the artless maiden seen
 The self-devoted stranger's beauteous mein,
 Than new-born wishes crimson o'er her cheek,
 And sighs divulge what love forbears to speak;
 While lightly glancing every feature o'er,
 She still perceives some grace unmarked before;
 Nor from him once her ardent eye she turns,
 'Till all the God within her bosom burns.

Parent of Love, and thou too cruel boy,
 Who still with cares allay'st all human joy;
 Say, for you best can tell, what fears invade,
 What hopes, what wishes, fill the love-sick maid,

A R I A D N E F O R S A K E N. 5

While fighting on her beauteous guest she hung,
And deep imbibed the music of his tongue?
Soon must he combat in a doubtful strife,
And purchase glory, or abandon life.
Chilled with the dreadful thought, the blood forsook
Her blanching cheek; her frame with horror shook;
With liberal gifts she promised Heav'n to pay,
If THESEUS should survive the dreaded day;
And many a vow, and many a secret prayer
She breathed, that better had been lost in air.
The Gods, in pity to her anxious pain,
Grant her request, tho' that request was vain;
With her fond suit imperfectly comply,
And save her lover, but his love deny.

While thus in secret ARIADNE prayed,
Each pitying power invoking to her aid,
The intrepid victim to the Labyrinth goes,
To avenge his injured bleeding country's woes.

6 A R I A D N E F O R S A K E N

As some old oak that flourished long on high,
Or mountain-pine that tower'd into the sky,
Uptorn at once by the resistless force
Of the rude whirlwind in its rapid course,
With hideous crash falls headlong to the ground,
In its own ruin whelming all around :
With such a fall, by THESEUS' prowess slain,
The bull-born monster, his proud horns in vain
Butting with idle rage against the skies,
Tumbles precipitant, and groaning dies.
With speed the victor, this exploit achieved,
The trembling ARIADNE's fears relieved ;
Whose tender care had furnished him a clew
That from the erroneous path marked out the true ;
Guided by which, he 'scaped th' illusive maze,
And lived to see the Sun's enlivening blaze.

But how digressing whence I first began,
Into narration have I heedless ran ?
Need I the sequel of the tale relate,
The hapless maiden's miserable fate ?

Who, nor regarding a fond father's pray'rs,
 Nor a sad mother's agonizing cares,
 For love, the hallowed ties of duty broke,
 For love, her parents, country, friends forsook;
 Friends, country, parents, all for THESEUS lost,
 With him she fled to Naxos' sacred coast;
 Where, false of heart! his bride he left to weep,
 While wrapt she lay in unsuspecting sleep.

Oft did she rend the hollow murmuring skies,
 If story err not, with her piercing cries.
 Now, would she climb the craggy mountain's steep,
 And crazed with sorrow gaze upon the deep;
 Now, forward rush into the sea, and beat
 The foaming waves, and bruise her naked feet:
 And thus, at length, with many a plaintive groan,
 Weeping she made her melancholy moan.

"Is this, is this thy honour and thy truth,
 Dissembling, fickle, false, ungrateful youth,

A hapless

3 A R I A D N E F O R S A K E N

A hapless maiden perjured to deceive,
Perjured, a maiden desolate to leave,
To leave thy wretched wife, for thee alone
Her all deserting, on a coast unknown!
And is it thus that you the gods adore!
Who surely registered the oaths you swore.
Thy oaths all cancelled, and thy vows unsaid,
Ah! wilt thou draw their vengeance on thy head!
Could nothing then thy cruel purpose move,
The voice of honour, nor the voice of love!
And does there, does there in that savage breast
No touch, no drop, of heavenly pity rest!
Not such the promises by which you won
My yielding heart; by which I was undone.
With other hopes my easy faith you fed,
A joyful bridal, and a genial bed.
But vows and oaths, and promises and pray'r,
Are vanished now, and all dispersed in air.

In faithless man let maid ne'er more believe,
Whose vows are uttered only to deceive;

A R I A D N E F O R S A K E N. 9

In falshood knowing, practised in disguise,
From truth averse, and disciplined in lies:
Who, when inflamed by love's licentious fire,
Eager to gratify their loose desire,
Nor vow, nor oath, nor protestation spare,
Nor scruple aught to promise, or to swear;
But, perjured race! when once they gain their suit,
Of various artifice the dear-bought fruit,
Meanly deny the vows they made before,
Nor heed those promises to which they swore.

Eternal gratitude, at least, from you
To me the guardian of thy life was due;
Who rather, chose to let a brother bleed
Than thee abandon in the hour of need:
For which I now am left alone to mourn,
And soon by savage monsters shall be torn;
Of birds obscene become the mangled prey,
Nor, dead, be covered with a little clay.

D

What

10 A R I A D N E F O R S A K E N.

What lion bred thee in her desert cave,
Or didst thou issue from the unpitying wave?
From what Charibdis, from what eddy flung,
From what devouring whirlpool art thou sprung?
For sure of human race you were not born,
Who love with hate, who life with death return.

If loth to meet a rigid father's frown,
Me as your wife you did not dare to own,
Yet with you sure, nor was the boon so great,
You might have led me to your native seat;
Let me, your hand-maid, on your steps attend;
Your wife alas! no longer, nor your friend.
Gladly the meanest office would I bear,
Thee might I serve, thy presence might I share;
Nor would thy ARIADNE have refused
Those tasks in which the lowest slaves are used;
On thy fair feet the purest stream to shed,
Or with bright colours to adorn thy bed.

But,

A R I A D N E F O R S A K E N. 11

But, wild with woe, and frantick with despair,
I tell my sorrows to the senseless air;
To the deaf winds I foolishly complain,
Who heed me not, and disregard my pain.
While he, the cruel author of my grief,
He who alone could give my heart relief,
In his fleet bark triumphant cuts the sea,
And leaves the isle to misery and me;
On whose bleak coast no human steps are traced,
A dreary desert, desolate and waste.
Without one comforter my plaints to hear,
Or give my griefs a tributary tear,
Wretch that I am! oppressed with every pain,
I'm not permitted even to complain.

Accursed for ever be that fatal hour
When THESEUS' vessel touched the Cretan shore!
Why, why, just Gods! ere yet he reached our coast,
Was not his ship on some kind quicksand lost!
Had he, perfidious guest! beneath whose smile
Lurk savage, cruelty, and murderous guile,

12 A R I A D N E F O R S A K E N.

Had he, ingrate! our harbour never sought,
 Nor to the Minotaur destruction brought,
 My life had slept in innocence and peace----
 But now, alas! when will my sorrows cease!
 For what remains? or whither shall I speed?
 Or where for ever hide my wretched head?
 Back to my native country shall I fly?
 Alas! impervious seas before me lie.
 Or shall I to a father's pity sue;
 He, from whose arms unkindly I withdrew,
 Whose peace I poison'd, and whose heart I tore,
 With THESEUS flying from the Cretan shore;
 My country's foe attending o'er the flood,
 His hands yet reeking with a brother's blood?
 Or shall I on a faithful husband's breast
 My head reclining, hush my griefs to rest?
 From him, from him, alas! my sorrows flow,
 And he alone is author of my woe.
 Deaf and unfeeling to my plaintive cries,
 O'er the false waves to distant realms he flies.

What

What then remains? Along the dreary shores
 The dashing surge with noise incessant roars.
 The houseless isle affords not even a shed
 From howling storms to hide my naked head;
 My flight the seas impassable oppose,
 And even the elements are all my foes.
 O'er the wild waste a hideous silence reigns,
 And desolation blasts the withered plains;
 Nor shines one ray to cheer the desert heath,
 With horror big, and boding certain death.
 Yet, ere my eyes in sleep for ever close,
 And from my weary flesh the spirit goes,
 To righteous Heav'n I'll make my last appeal,
 Avenging me its justice to reveal.

Arise, black vengeance! Nemesis, arise!
 And you, whose blood-stained lash each villain flies,
 Ye Furies dire, whose front with snakes entwined,
 And frown terrifick bode a deadly mind,

E

Arise!

Arise!----and hear a wretch's last request,
 Wasted with grief, by Death's cold hand oppress;
 Those heart-felt plaints that in my latest hour,
 And in the anguish of my soul I pour;
 By love distracted, maddening with despair,
 Forsaken, comfortless, and crazed with care.
 Let not my sorrows unregarded flow!
 Punish the cruel author of my woe!
 Avenge my wrongs! Your venom'd scorpions dart,
 With fatal aim, at my betrayer's heart!
 To his wild passions give his lawless mind,
 And let him still be perjur'd, false, unkind!
 Let him no fruit of all his arts enjoy,
 But by those arts, himself, his house, destroy!
 Blast all his purposes! and at his death
 May his foul curse the hour that gave him breath!"

She spoke; and Jove assenting to her prayer,
 Shook all the spangled skies, the sea, the earth, and air.

F I N I S.



